

# A Salty Dog

Transatlantic

(brooker / reid)

'all hands on deck, we've run afloat!' I heard the  
captain cry  
'explore the ship, replace the cook: let no one leave  
alive!'  
Across the straits, around the horn: how far can sailors  
fly?  
A twisted path, our tortured course, and no one left  
alive

We sailed for parts unknown to man, where ships come home  
to die  
No lofty peak, nor fortress bold, could match our  
captain's eye  
Upon the seventh seasick day we made our port of call  
A sand so white, and sea so blue, no mortal place at all

We fired the gun, and burnt the mast, and rowed from ship  
to shore  
The captain cried, we sailors wept: our tears were tears  
of joy  
Now many moons and many junes have passed since we made  
land  
A salty dog, this seaman's log: your witness my own hand